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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

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THE NEW ALLIANCE.

OFFICE OF "PUCK" 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 22 & 24 CHURCH ST. N.Y.



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## NOTICE.

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## THE NEW ALLIANCE.

THE Great Russian Bear has so exercised his phenomenal hugging powers on his good, loving and confiding friend, Turkey, that the dear bird is perfectly dazed with the excitement of the new sensation. True the grip at the gullet is just a trifle tight; but what of that? Some animals have this peculiar way of manifesting their unselfish affection. The Russian Bear is possessed of such a frank and generous disposition, that he impulsively clasps his friends to his bosom with the heartiness of an old sea-dog who meets a former messmate.

The Bear believes not in silken fetters or striking with a feather, but he certainly means well—oh, yes. He throws his protecting paw over the lonesome Turkey when all the other animals have deserted and neglected her. Russia—virtuous, noble, self-sacrificing Russia—is the Good Samaritan among nations. The prayers and groans of the oppressed ne'er pass by her unheeded.

Did the Poles call upon her for freedom? With what wonderful promptitude was their application granted. When Bulgarian Christians objected to being chopped into mince-meat—lo! Holy Russia substantially protested against this style of doing the business. Liberty, honor, charity, rectitude, and a rigid adherence to treaties, are her distinguishing characteristics—the knout, Siberia, the possession of Constantinople, to the contrary notwithstanding.

## PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

**A**S an alleged humorist, and therefore in some sort connaisseur in that line of business, PUCK wishes to add the weight of his testimony to the assertions heretofore made by various respectable writers, to the effect that the divine spirit of humor has never effected a lodgment in the pure bosom of woman.

A woman may be witty. She acquires wit as an accomplishment; just as she would cultivate a knowledge of music even if she had no taste for it; because it is a prime requisite in her association with men. But the inborn genius of humor is foreign to the idea of feminality. Watch her course from the cradle up. Until she is sixteen years old she giggles. Then she comes out of her boarding-school; makes the acquaintance of a man and learns to laugh. Afterwards she marries him, and then she probably ceases to laugh. But that is not pertinent to the argument.

It is a well-known fact that women never laugh among themselves. Nor are they facetious in the course of everyday life. If you meet a man in a fog as solid and generally undesirable as a Limburger cheese, you say to him: "Fine day, isn't it?" This is not humorous in itself, but it gives him an opportunity to reply: "Damn fine!" with a comedy twist on the damn; or "Fine weather for ducks," or something else that is brilliant and clever and calculated to brighten social intercourse. But

if you say that to a woman she replies earnestly: "Do you think so? I don't like it a bit."

And, speaking of street encounters, you never knew a woman to hail you cheerily with a "Hello, old skeezicks, how you was?" No, she slips her hand gently into yours, and inquires in a tone of tender regard and interest: "How've you been?"

This may be sweet; but it is not funny.

But here we find the key-note to the whole question. Women are too sympathetic; they feel too keenly; they enter too readily into all they see, to note the humorous side of things. When a pair of young lovers get to billing and cooing in the glorious idiocy of love's young dream, all the women in their neighborhood are inclined to encourage them. They try to bring the disease to a head. The men simply laugh at the spoony twain and let them coo themselves out.

Take another instance. Take some very absurd and ridiculous object. Take Sammy Cox, for instance. Women don't see him in a funny light. They either pity him when he makes a contemptible exhibition of himself, and murmur kindly: "Poor little wretch!" or they grow indignant at his pranks in the legislative halls of the nation, and cry out that it is a disgrace and an outrage that he should be there. Men simply laugh at Sammy Cox.

There are circumstances under which the lack of humor in a woman may be a good thing. Any husband will tell you that there are times in his married life when it becomes incumbent upon him to rise and explain. The excuses he makes on these occasions are frequently slight in texture. Offered to the average male guy, they would excite a laugh. But in the infinite credulity and charity of a woman's heart there is room for them. She takes them all in, and never dreams of regarding them merely as a huge joke. Which is well for the husband.

Perhaps, after all, the women have chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from them. Perhaps we men are laughing too much and too freely. Perhaps it is putting too fine a point upon it, but it must strike the candid mind that we are rather straining the capacities of humor in laughing at national dishonor and corruption in high places, and that there is a remarkable paucity of humorous possibilities in the present political situation.

## Puckerings.

WINTER, old boy, most time to begin slipping off that lap, you know!

THE spinal system of Roscoe Conkling seems to have gone to join the backbone of winter.

WE suspect that Bland is at the bottom of these Sing Sing exposures. He naturally would prefer a lax system of discipline when he gets there.

FATHERS-OF-FAMILIES who are about to make mysterious disappearances are reminded that it lacks just an even month of Spring-opening time.

A MINORITY, considered simply as a minority, doesn't amount to much. But a minority running in double harness with the Right, has the inside track on all creation.

A WATER-COLOR artist has committed suicide in Hartford, Conn. We have always thought that this temperance movement was well enough in its proper place; but that it should not be carried into the arts.

SPRING is upon us, and the young man's fancy will be lightly somersaulting toward thoughts of love just as soon as he can shake his ulster and his influenza.

SOLID monochrome tweeds are to be the fashion for men's wear this season, and the young man of the period will no longer imitate the bounding zebra of the equatorial plains in the pattern of his spring suit.

"THE Police Captains are ready to receive applications from persons who desire to carry pistols." Puck burns to carry a pistol, several six-shooters in fact, to defend himself from those misguided and unhappy individuals who inflict on him their verses and paragraphs; but there is an insuperable obstacle: Puck does not wear—well, he has no pistol-pocket.

WE write before the arrival of the European mail; but we are willing to bet anything you like that the next number of the London *Punch* contains a pun on Lent—"Fare for Fasting Invalids—Lent-ills"—or something of that kind. If it didn't, conservative England would rise in outraged horror and demand: "Why this wild and reckless innovation?"

WE interrupted a promising game of marbles the other day. It was in progress on the sidewalk. We balanced ourselves for an appreciable period of time on a "mig." We feel fully confirmed in our original idea that marbles should not be permitted on the street; but we should not mind it so much if there had not been a large blood-alley just were we landed. The rules of the game probably required its presence in that particular location, but the same provision should have been made for seating the spectators.

DR. MARY WALKER has made application to the Washington authorities to be appointed a special policewoman, that she may protect herself from the small boys who hoot at her in the streets. Now all she wants is to be made a justice-of-the-peace and a petit jury to try the offenders, and a ten-day-cell to lock them up in, and then perhaps she will be comparatively easy in her breeches.

GRANT is in Greece. He was escorted into the Piræus by three iron-clads, and has generally had a good time. The day after his arrival he received a deputation of Athenian statesmen, who waited on him to present him with an address of welcome. The distinguished guest listened respectfully to the remarks of the spokesman, and then nudged his accomplished son.

"Jesse," he whispered, "tip 'em some of their own language. Where's all your Greek? Jump in."

"I don't want to, father," pleaded the young man.

"What did I pay for your education for, then?" was the angered parent's reply, "go on along; don't you hear what the gentleman's saying to you—'Bouleontain bibelauton bubenai katseusomai kiphepoi peisileusthain'—"

"Yes, papa," responded Jesse, meekly, "but he's only fooling you."

PROBLEM for Albany Legislators and Chas. A. Dana: If Jones, of Oneida, who is 70 years old and has eleven children, can drink 27 glasses of beer on a Sunday, how many oranges would President Hayes have to take to get a square drink at the same rate?



## PUCK'S ANNIVERSARY.



IT is a year since PUCK, in all his graceful and undisguised manliness, burst forth upon a wonder-stricken world. He was a promising child, and, what is much more to the point, he has kept his promises.

He has cause to congratulate himself. But with his customary modesty, he doesn't. He allows everybody else to do the congratulating. He merely hides his blushes behind the ulster he discards with the birth of spring, and invites you to read the kind words that have been sent him:

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear PUCK:

I shake your hand. In fact, I shake your hand several times. You are a brave boy. Keep it up. I am not afraid of Dana—or Conkling—or anybody, while you are with me. Bless you, my child, and may you live a thousand years. I drink your health—in water. You can drink mine in what you please. You are not married.

In truth and tenderness yours,  
RUTHIE B. HAYES.

FROM THE CZAR.

WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG,  
February 20, (O.S.) 1878.

Alexanderovitch Czaroff ofkoff allimoff the Russiasapol greetsacow Prince PUCKAVITCH onakoff hisavitch birthdayokoff. Hemoff should-asvitch drawkoff itoff mildavitch inapol hisimoff cartoonsikoff aboutoff Russiavitch.

FROM LORD BEACONSFIELD.

DOWNING STREET, LONDON.

The Earl of Beaconsfield, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, tenders to Lord PUCK cordial felicitations on this the anniversary of his natal day. Her Majesty's Government views with feelings of no little satisfaction the course that Lord PUCK has, in his wisdom, seen fit to adopt with regard to European politics, especially those questions which have had a direct and indirect bearing on the foreign policy of Great Britain.

Her Majesty the Queen (Empress of India) would be pleased to confer on Lord PUCK the vacant Garter; although Her Majesty is in doubt as to whether stockings form part of the wearing apparel of Lord PUCK.

FROM PRESIDENT MACMAHON.

PARIS, 1er Mars, 1878.

Mon cher PUCK:

Je t'adore: je t'aime de tout mon cœur—dans une corne. Tu t'es déjà plusieurs fois moqué de moi; mais je verrai ça, et je l'irai deux de mieux. Tu es un snousseur. Je te ferai remarquer que ton gilet te sied très mal: tire-le en-dessous: et veuille marcher en dehors sur ton oreille. Tu sais toi-même comme ça est.

Adieu! Tu peux te fouiller. Je te donne mon autorisation royale-impériale-republicaine. Agréez, mon cher, l'assurance renouvelée de la considération la plus distinguée dans laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être

Ton très humble et très-obéissant serviteur,  
MACMAHON.

FROM THE COMING DICTATOR.

[Telegram.]

OSHKOSH, P. E. 48: One year old! Hit 'em hard! I'm with you! When the crash comes we'll both be there. Confucius exploded! Toledo 29th! Russian Bath vs. Demonology. I send you an epigram:

Is there a Hell? This world is vain pretence.  
Pay a dollar with 92 cents.

G. F. T.

49 words collect.

FROM HER.

My Own PUCK:

You dear little fellow! Are you really and truly one year old? You don't know how glad I am—I love you so much—and I think—you are too sweet for anything. Do you love me in return just the least little, little, tiny bit? Oh, say you do, please! I'm such a giddy girl, I know, I say all sorts of things I oughtn't to; but you'll forgive me—won't you?—because we can't all be as awfully wise and learned as you are!

Good-bye! A thousand, thousand, thousand kisses from your own

SUSAN B. A.

PYRAMID OF CHEOPS, EGYPT,  
March 10, A.D. 1878.

FROM A HERO.

KUPRA KALEH, März 10, 1878.

PUCKIJICH:

Plepotenö karadöij schulami istich ästi Bul-grodich jimpl kute smörgi pik emmüp palas-karjörjphirannassistrenni jij.

Schjokäsch,

LJUBOBRATICH.

[From the above we infer that Mr. Ljubobratich still lives. We return him the compliments of the seasonijivich.—ED. PUCK.]

FROM THE POET OF THE INEFFABLE.

FOUILLY-LES-OIES, 2 Mars, 1878.

*Cher et adorable enfant!*

La lumière fut. Troie fut. Je fus. Tu es. Agamemnon n'est plus. Nous sommes. Devant ta gloire la mienne s'éteint. Des ombres du passé je te salue. Je courbe mon échine poétique et je te donne le baiser du passé-défini. Psst! Boum! Les siècles éclatent.

Il fait froid aujourd'hui. Je vais chauffer mes pieds.

Ton bouleversé HUGO.

FROM THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

My Poor PUCK:

I am sorry that one so young should be so depraved. You have the making of a noble institution in you—but what you lack is true inwardness. Pause in your iniquitous flight, and consider the lilies how they grow. But you have my sympathy (I buy two copies every week and pity you).

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

FROM PRINCE BISMARCK.

Lieber PUCK:

Du bist ein kleiner Schelm, aber ich hab' Dich doch ungeheuer gern. Schade, dass ich nicht Englisch schreiben kann, doch kannst Du Dir dies vom deutschen PUCK übersetzen lassen. Ich bin jetzt zu sehr mit der europäischen Frage beschäftigt, um Dir einen längeren Brief zu schreiben, ich kann aber nicht umhin, Dir zu bemerken, dass, wenn Du so fortfährst, Du ein Mann sein wirst, before your mother—oder auf Deutsch—go it, ole feller, like a son-of-a-gun.

Dein ergebenster

BISMARCK.

BERLIN, 1. März 1878.

FROM THE COUNT JOANNES.

*Esteemed Contemporary:*

II. Moreover, in this particular, I—as is already known from my warm personal intimacy with divers and sundry dukes, counts and princes—beg leave to add my best and most personal congratulations to you and each, all and every one of your staff. As my old friend Evarts said to me when, on a memorable occasion for the Drama, I played *Claude Melnotte* in Boston to the largest audience accumulated in a theatre in that city before or since that time: "*Nil Desperandum!*"

GEORGE, COUNT PALATINE JOANNES.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF DOLORES.

LAMPSCUS, March 8th, '78.

As a sun to the sheen of the starlight  
Is PUCK to the *Phun* and the *Punch*:  
With eyes opened we own that they are light—  
And thou the boss bug of the bunch!  
What ailed us to follow old fashion,  
When thee 'neath the chin we could chuck?  
We hail the arisen, O rash 'un!  
Prize-packageous PUCK.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

FROM THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

THE SERAGLIO, PERA.

By the beard of the Prophet Kismet, there is but one PUCK, and Keppler is his artist. It is the will of Allah that our august ally the Czar takes charge of us, his servant—when Pasha PUCK has for twelve moons illumined the world with wisdom. Peace be unto you. May you live a thousand years—and your circulation never grow less.

HAMID.

FROM HENRY M. STANLEY.

[Telegram.]

HERALD BUREAU, PARIS.

Am very busy with maps of Africa, but must send my congratulations on your birthday. I could never have crossed Africa, or discovered the source of the Congo without you. While thousands of natives were falling from the effect of my explosive bullets, I read your immortal pages and felt happy.

H. M. STANLEY.

P.S. The ladies of Uji use PUCK for bustles.

FROM CHAS. A. DANA.

PUCK:

You ask me for a letter of congratulation on your anniversary. All I have to say in return is, D— your anniversary. The stamp of fraud is on your — brow in big letters.

CHAS. A. DANA.

SUN OFFICE, MARCH 6.

PUCK must add in conclusion that although he can scarcely endorse many of the sentiments expressed in the foregoing he cannot but feel overcome with pride to think that his first birthday should have so stirred the sea of public opinion. The first step to greatness is to be spoken about and thought of. *What* is spoken and *what* is thought are matters of minor consideration. The mere fact that PUCK is now launched upon his second volume is sufficient testimony that his friends far outnumber his foes!

But in those words that have long done duty in many a noble cause—in words that still shall guide us on our glad career—virtue is its own reward. In the knowledge of which truth PUCK wraps himself up in his mantle (figuratively) of rectitude and renders thanks for favors—past, present, and future.

## SPRING FEVER.

**T**O the average man these months are apt to bring  
 A subtle stirring-up of his interior;  
 He feels as when she furls her weary wing  
 In Paradise might feel a through-checked Peri or  
 Something of that kind. And I feel just so—  
 Quite comfortable; gloriously lazy:  
 Yet fervent inwardly—tap me, I'd flow  
 Poems erotic; harmless, sweet and hazy.

I feel just that poetic. Vague desires,  
 Vague hopes in guise of doubtful memories,  
 And memories like seeds of hope, like fires  
 Of youth in old-time ashes—things like these  
 Are troubling me just now. I find my life—  
 Empty. That's it. No longer may I doubt it.  
 I want—a love! A solid love. A wife.  
 I want to get her, and be quick about it.

Hitherto I have wandered through the world  
 Unmashing and unmashed, nor thought how nice is  
 The state of spoons; nor dreamed that any girl'd  
 Ever disturb my peace. This is the crisis!  
 I long to look into dark regal eyes:  
 Or feel a violet sunshine flood my retina:  
 Or brune or blonde, I seek a lover's prize—  
 There may be difficulty, though, in gettin' her.

Ah, in what country farmhouse, situate  
 Within five minutes of what railway-station,  
 Where wild advertisements tempt the giddy pate  
 Of youthful clerk on annual vacation,  
 In what warm summer hours, that fly too fleet,  
 Among what summer-boarders shall I find her?  
 Will June bring Love with roses 'neath his feet?  
 Or hydrophobic August treat me kinder?

\* \* \* \*

I do remember, in my young spring days  
 They gave me pikery, boiled in molasses,  
 When I felt thus. (Pikery's a root they raise  
 In stern New England—Dose a sherry-glass is.)  
 One saving drop of rum was in the drink;  
 A clove of garlic—even now I smell it.  
 I used to hate my pikery—I think  
 That's something like the proper way to spell it.

I hated it all other draughts above,  
 For that it wasted rum and tasted bitter.  
 Bitter is Love; but bitterness of love  
 To pikery is mild as birds that twitter.  
 And while my heart feels, in the year's fresh morn,  
 Sensations mixed of blossoming and burning,  
 A strange idea upon my mind is borne:  
 That pikery might still this vernal yearning.

H. C. BUNNER.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

**S**T. PATRICK'S DAY comes on the 17th  
 of March. It comes in the morning. It  
 is the day that brings joy to Erin's heart,  
 and brings Erin out into the street in large and  
 enthusiastic numbers. It is a day that forms  
 itself into an unending procession. To think  
 of St. Patrick's day disassociated from any-  
 thing like a procession, would require a strange  
 and powerful mind.

St. Patrick was not born on the 17th of  
 March. But as nobody has ever claimed that  
 he was, this asseveration may appear unneces-  
 sary. St. Patrick did not die on the 17th of  
 March. This too is not said in refutation of  
 anybody else's previous assertion.

These points are merely mentioned in order  
 to lead up to the gentle conundrum: Why  
 should St. Patrick's day come on the 17th of  
 March, in the morning?

The only thing approaching an explanation  
 that can be given is that it comes because it  
 comes. Nobody stops to ask why salary-day

comes on a Saturday; it is sufficient to know  
 that it comes on Saturday, and that there would  
 be a general complaint if it was postponed un-  
 til Monday.

We believe that the 17th of March is devoted  
 to St. Patrick—(no doubt St. Patrick feels  
 highly flattered in consequence)—but why this  
 should be is a matter that need not here be dis-  
 cussed. If the seventeenth were not so devoted,  
 the sixteenth or the eighteenth might be, and  
 what difference would it make? St. Patrick  
 wouldn't be fooled out of his one day, any way  
 you fixed it. As it happens, this year the seven-  
 teenth falls on the eighteenth, owing to St. Pat-  
 rick's day falling on a Sunday.

St. Patrick was a man of many good quali-  
 ties. His well-known treatment of Irish snakes  
 was his prime recommendation. He boxed  
 them in large quantities, and exported them to  
 uncivilized lands—thus doing a good thing  
 for Ireland, while providing a home for indi-  
 gent snakes.

In honor of this unselfish act of his, all true  
 Irishmen will see snakes on the day following  
 the seventeenth.

Although St. Patrick's day comes in the  
 morning, it keeps on late enough to become  
 generally pleasant.

On this day, more than any other, does the  
 true Irishman feel convinced that he isn't an  
 Englishman. He rejoices at the truth, as it  
 comes vigorously home to him, so heartily that  
 he immediately takes a drink on it.

It is this drink that he starts out with when  
 he leaves home to join the procession.

Wherein the patriotism of a procession con-  
 sists is another thing that no fellow can find  
 out. But that each processioner fairly teems  
 with a wild love of his country is an accepted  
 fact, made loudly known through melodious  
 outcries of "Erin Go Bragh" and other re-  
 marks of a similarly euphonious though unin-  
 telligible nature.

The green color comes conspicuously to the  
 front, too. It is a good color for the eyes. It  
 is not considered so correct for neckties as red,  
 but it will do. Why Irishmen should prefer  
 green to any other color, however, is another  
 one of the perplexing questions of the day.

But they do; and the true-born Irishman is  
 so glad of it that he takes his second drink on  
 it, every St. Patrick's day.

It fills the soul of man with considerable awe  
 and admiration to see a string of several thou-  
 sand of our finest Irish-American citizens  
 marching through the streets every year, waving  
 the banner of freedom with a green supplé-  
 ment, and enveloping our American institu-  
 tions in a wholesome flavor of Ireland. Hur-  
 rah for Ireland!—the country of mirth, melody  
 and potheen! The home of the Shaughraun,  
 the Diaoulmaugh, and the Colleen Bawn!—the  
 land of Daniel O'Donnell—not to mention  
 Mike O'Donahue, Tim O'Flaherty and all the  
 rest! Sweet names to ring in our ears and  
 gladden our hearts on St. Patrick's day in the  
 morning!

The patriotic Hibernian takes enough of the  
 "cratur" with him when he starts in the morn-  
 ing to last him a short way. That is to say,  
 sufficient to make things pleasant at the start.  
 It must be said to his credit that when the sup-  
 ply runs out on the road—as supplies are sure  
 to do—he doesn't hesitate about replenishing  
 his stock.

He has no scruples about visiting Pat  
 McGuffin's for consolation; Pat McGuffin has  
 no scruples about being visited; and between  
 them they manage to celebrate St. Patrick's  
 day with all that enthusiastic *clat* it deserves.

On St. Patrick's day the Hibernian looks  
 particularly radiant. His beauty of face is not  
 so entrancing, so to speak, as the festive nature  
 of his attire, and the full-fledged masculinity of  
 his form. As the head of a procession he

doesn't strike the ordinary observer as a man of  
 beauty so much as a man of use. But, in the  
 parlance most befitting the occasion, he can be  
 said to be "all there." A magnificent bouquet  
 festoons his uniform, and a hat that fairly bris-  
 tles with munificent patriotism, combining the  
 classic with the colloquial in a unique degree,  
 decks his noble head.

But it is the morning after the procession,  
 when Patrick awakens to the beautiful reality  
 that yesterday was St. Patrick's day, that it  
 was his eye after all that was hit, and that the  
 whiskey is all gone—it is then that the true  
 splendor of the festal day dawns upon him in  
 all its radiance, and he feels with a feeling that  
 defies all words that "It was a great day for  
 Oireland, arrah, begorra!"—great in the truest  
 sense of patriotic grandeur; and he wouldn't  
 be anything but an Irishman for all the trea-  
 sures of the universe.

## PURIFYING POLITICS.

It was in the days of the Municipal Reform  
 League, when the patrician element of the  
 population arose in its might to crush the Tam-  
 many Ring, and asserted itself at the polls for  
 that occasion only. A young gentleman, a  
 member of the Columbia College Law School,  
 was among those who were sent out to drum up  
 the recreant voters, and awaken the dormant  
 patriotism of the citizens. To him was assigned  
 an aristocratic district up-town. He accepted  
 his task with cheerful devotion to the welfare  
 of his fellow-townsmen, and made two false  
 starts right away, on a quiet gambling-house  
 and a female orphan-asylum. Next, however,  
 he struck a private house, and opened the cam-  
 paign. He asked the suspicious servant if he  
 could see the gentleman of the house. The G.  
 of the H. was out. Could he see the mistress  
 of the house?

What was his business?

"No matter. Tell the lady a gentleman  
 wishes to see her."

The servant hesitated. The ardent purifier  
 of the ballot endeavored to propitiate her by  
 offering to wait in the hall while she notified  
 her mistress. At last she started reluctantly  
 up the stairs. But half way up she stopped;  
 turned round—a vivid gleam of intelligence  
 darted into her eyes—she descended, took the  
 overcoat off the hat-rack, and then marched  
 up-stairs with it, looking satisfied.

The young man returned to the headquarters  
 of the League that afternoon, and reported a  
 dismally hopeless condition of apathy among  
 the voters of his district, and retired gracefully  
 from the situation.

## FROM OUR GERMAN EXCHANGES.

## CHRONIC.

"You are looking well, Mr. Whiff."

"Well? You know I'm not well. I'm never  
 well. Just as soon as I stop being sick for a  
 day, I feel worse for it the next morning."

## A GRATEFUL SERVANT.

"He was a koind maister, he wos. He thought  
 of me afore he died, and in his will he said:  
 'I leave to my son William both them sheep  
 wot was lost last week, if they gets found, and  
 in case they doesn't I leave 'em to my faithful  
 servant Joseph.' I hopes they won't get found."

## SIMILE.

"This ere dorg of mine will eat anything—  
 meat and bread, and potatoes and pickles, and  
 nuts and candy—like a pig."



## RONDEAU.

THE sweets of love—enraptured oft I turn  
To those bright days when joyous I did earn  
Love glances from those eyes of matchless blue,  
And kisses from those crimson labials, too.  
Ah! that sweet hour doth e'er my bosom burn,  
When speechlessly we lingered in the fern,  
And watched the amorous sun in smiles adjourn,  
While thrilled our souls, in twilight's violet hue,  
The sweets of love.

Full oft thy rose-tipped features I discern  
In visions warm; to hold thy hand I yearn,  
And live again our little romance through,  
Untrammelled by the rude paternal shoe,  
Which varied things when, with thee, I did learn  
The sweets of love.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. L.

TRIP WEST—PITTS-  
BURGH.

Va-as, the twain had watted along at a tolerable wate of speed, and the carwiage in which I was twying to sleep woked about a gweat deal—so that I weally don't think I got any pwoper west. Jack and I got up and endeavored to dwess. A doosid nuisance, yer know—was a long time finding my dwawers and aw other articles of apparwel. I put on my twousers the wong way, yer know—awfully awkward, yer know—while a negwo fellow was waiting to make the aw sleeping arwancements into ordinarwy seats. Devilish difficult, too, at the extweme end of the car, to bwush one's hair and bwing the aw watah in the necessarwy pwoximity to one's face. After these twibulations we sat down waiting for the twain to arwive at the beginning of the West—which, I believe, is called Pittsburgh, for two weasons. After aw Pitt, who, aw everybody knows, was a gweat Bwitish statesman, and because there is a gweat number of aw pits in this neighborhood, where fellows amuse themselves by digging out varwious kinds of materwial.

The countwy we were wolling along thwough weminded me verwy much of the "Black Countwy" at home, aw belongs to my welative Dudley, yer know. Saw a considerwable supply of bwick and irwon chimneys, and a gweat deal of smoke and machinerwy—but these aw things pwobably pwesent a bettah appearwance at night. Still aw it's doosid gwatifying to see so much industwy in a stwange countwy.

Severwal people on the twain had their bwakfast at Pittsburgh. There is quite a large shed, wejoicing in the name of a dépôt, in which they undergo this aw operwation—but Jack, an Amerwican fwient of his, and myself, dwove in a carwiage to a hotel near a wiver. The hotel has a verwy curwious name—doosid odd, by Jove—it sounds something like Money-go-high-low, but I'm not sure if that's wight; perwhaps, after all, it has some weferwence to the monetarwy policy of the manufacturwing distwicts of aw Amerwica.

Amerwicans appear to think it an awfully good joke, yer know, to make humorwous wemarks about the aw weathah we have in Gweat Bwitain. They say it always wains there, and that is the weason an English fellow nevah goes out he-ah without an umbwellow; and then they also speak of the aw fogs. Now this is, 'pon my soul, quite too awfully widicu-

lous, yer know. This aw Pitbog is a gweat deal maw foggy and aw beastly than the aw nastiest wegion at the East End of London—are some poverty-stwicken places there, yer know. I weally cannot stand the smoke fwom the manu-factorwies he-ah. It interferes with my bweaching arwancements—so shall twy some othah west as soon as pwacticable. But I shall perwhaps twear a little maw of Patbug when I wite again aw.

## NEWSPAPER NOTES

THE DERRICK continues to hoist itself into popularity. Criswell still turns the playful paragraph and toys with the discriminating irons, and generally trims the petroleum-fed lamp of his cheery humor, that sheds a lustre over Oil City.

The "FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S" Shadow grows no less; and the wit and humor of his *Saturday Night* illumine the porcine metropolis as brightly as ever. The F. C. himself has recently got the bulge on Esop with a new batch of fables, with modern improvements.

THE BALTIMORE *Every Saturday* is a readable and a well-managed paper. It is an honor to Saturday and a plea in favor of Baltimore. We are glad to learn that it has passed its first birthday, built an extension to its waste-basket, and is happy.

THE PORCUPINE, of Boston, discharges its quills with effect, but with a certain irregularity in point of time. Never mind. All young papers have their trials, and the comic ones are apt to have them badly. But the *Porcupine* has only to be virtuous and it will be happy. This is an invariable rule in journalism.

PERMIT US to call attention to the fact that the Philadelphia *Bulletin* upheld the honor of Philadelphia and of the paragraphic business

by turning its wit and satire to good use in the gold and silver fight. Truth, at present crushed to earth, will copy and credit those paragraphs, and the *Bulletin* will be solid with her when she rises again.

MR. CHARLES F. PIDGIN, under the name of P. Ginn, has P. Gunn a serious of humorous sketches in the columns of the *Boston Society*, which in its new form is a very handsome paper. Mr. Pidgin is known as an American Dramatist, but this does not militate against the fact that he is a clever writer and a competent critic.

THE EVENING TELEGRAM owns a dramatist, a poet, a theatrical critic, a paragrapher, a pair of shears inspired with a lofty yearning for the good; and indeed, everything that a well appointed journal could desire, including a large circulation. This last item is one eminently calculated to make things pleasant in the newspaper business.

THE EVENING MAIL, in its new form, keeps up an honest double-standard of newswiness and literary merit. It boasts a talented Editorial Spinner, who is ably seconded by a scissors on whose perspicacity and keen appreciation we have already commented. We are probably not opening up any hitherto undiscovered mines of information when we remark that the *Evening Mail* is a good paper.

BRENTANO has published, in neat pamphlet form, "Our Parks" by "A Physician," being certain papers recently read before the N. Y. Academy of Sciences. Their object is to intimate to the people of this city, in the mildest possible way, that public parks are good things to have around, that they are conducive to the general health, and that the original idea of their foundation was not to supply asylums for shaky militia regiments. We would respectfully urge the advisability of taking the hint.

## THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION OF SPRING BONNETS.



BROWN'S WIFE: "One word more, dear. Would you trim it with blue feathers?"

ROBINSON'S WIFE: "O, I couldn't decide at once. Come to me to-morrow, and we'll devote the whole day to it."



## RIENZI.

**R** IENZI was the Last of the Tribunes. In addition to this affliction he was seized upon by Richard Wagner subsequently, and made the hero of an opera. I never could go much on Wagner, but the utter indifference to my feelings displayed by Mr. Wagner has been really astonishing. He has continued on his great work with as much fervor and energy as though I had always been his staunchest admirer.

Wagner's "Rienzi" was the one I went to see last week at the Academy of Music. I don't think Wagner's "Rienzi," as portrayed that night, was any improvement on Bulwer's. I think if the ancient Romans had clapped their eyes on him and listened to his hoarseness, they would have weakened on him. I am quite sure as a Liberator he wouldn't have panned out very strong.

But he managed, with the assistance of numerous choruses, to make considerable noise, and that, I presume, is all that was expected.

Roman shop-girls in liberal numbers, all with glowing faces, betokening that they had just been paid a small percentage of their week's wages, were standing around, yelling lustily at the rate of forty miles an hour. It had the true spirit of heroism about it, and though the atmosphere was less that of Rome than of Hoboken, it was really very Wagnerian.

For any nice deaf old lady who wanted good wholesome entertainment, I should back Wagner's "Rienzi," as sung at the Academy the other evening, against any show I ever saw.

You all know the story of Rienzi. I hope you do. If you don't, I am afraid you won't get much of an idea from any description of the opera. *Rienzi* comes on in the first act—that's certain. He reappears in the second. In the third he comes on horseback, which is an improvement; and in the fourth he just makes his appearance long enough to say good-bye in a minor key, and then go in and get cremated.

You get enough of *Rienzi*, personally, for your money—there's no doubt about that; but History presents no record that shows that whenever Rienzi had to wrestle with a top-note his finger followed his voice into the air, until the Roman Liberator formed a tableau of an animated index pointing the road to the evening star. That was the way *Rienzi* acted the other night. It may have been the tenor's idea of a Roman tribune, but it is not calculated to become the popular one, for it rather lessens the dignity of the character. It makes him look too much like an advertisement in front of a cigar-store.

How much the tenor, and how much Wagner, is to blame for the failure of *Rienzi* to strike terror into the populace's soul, is an open question. If I hadn't weakened on Wagner long ago, I should have weakened on the tenor exclusively. But between them they did manage to work *Rienzi* so pitiably hoarse, that it would have been mercy to the Liberator, if one of the lictors had taken him and put him to bed.

In the first act *Rienzi's* sister, *Irene*, is seized by some of the nobles, and is about to be carried off, when *Adriano Colonna* rushes to the rescue, and exclaiming in a soprano voice,

"Ha—what—me-he-ans this?"

completely flummuxes the crowd, and gets the grip, as it were, on *Irene's* affections. This is much more harmless than you would at first suppose; for *Adriano* is played by Mme. Pappenheim, who is fair and rotund to look upon, and is one to whom anybody's sister might be confided with perfect safety. But this heroic rescue gives a good start to the opera. How it comes to be used, though, as an intro-

duction to a general and promiscuous chorus on Liberty and Rome, addressed to *Rienzi* in these words:

"We vow to thee that great and free  
As Roma was shall Roma be.  
'Gainst violence and tyranny  
We'll shield her ever faithfully!  
Death and perdition him betide  
Who sins against the Roman's name.  
Behold a people by thy side  
Remembering their fathers' fame,"

is more than I can possibly trace out. But it has the true ring of Wagner, and gives the curtain a chance to fall on much brass music.

You may not know it, but by this time—which is the time for the second act—*Rienzi* has risen to the head of the people. It doesn't take long when a man gets started. Liberty and Rome, occasionally varied by Rome and Liberty, have become the chief subjects of dialogue on all sides; and, so far as can be judged by the audience, *Rienzi* has got a soft thing on the populace. He is generally pretty well treated; for which he tries to express his gratitude in a very hoarse voice.

To give a tone of sweet sentiment to the whole business, a procession of messengers of peace, composed of "youths of the best Roman families," moves through the portal and enter the Capitol singing. I dislike to say anything in disparagement of the youths of the best Roman families, but they ought *not*, on such festive occasions, to have flaunted their back-hair so conspicuously, nor should they have laced so tightly. Besides, some of them were so stout and matronly, that we could hardly subdue the thought that it was a pity these youths of the best Roman families could not afford to remain at home and rock the babies in peace and quietude, unvexed by Liberty or Rome.

There is a conspiracy in this act on the part of the nobles, whom *Rienzi's* elevation has upset, to oust the presumptuous Tribune—him of the impossible high C.

*Adriano*, with a devotion that does her, or him, infinite credit, comes to the noble soprano resolution to expose the treachery in semi-quavers. She takes a few bars' rest, and then gives the whole business away to *Rienzi*, upon which the latter exclaims, as musically as he can:

"Per-her-jury—and mur hur-der!  
Col-lon-on-on-na di hies!"

As *Colonna* happens to be *Adriano's* father, the situation becomes embarrassing to the young man with the soprano. He uses her voice—that is to say, she uses his voice to the best possible advantage, however, and, with the assistance of Wagner, Maretzek, and an unlimited supply of chorus, succeeds in inducing *Rienzi* to hoarsely pardon the traitors, and amid a vigorous and general exclamation of—

"Rienzi honored be!"

the curtain falls.

But unfortunately for all peace-loving people—yet happily for the deaf old lady, who is enjoying this thing immensely—there is a third act. In this act there seems to be a disposition to weaken on *Rienzi* to strong music. But the Last of the Tribunes comes in on a horse and takes a new lease of life. The horse, who is evidently a staunch lover of Wagner, sneezes in the correct and proper key, and is rewarded by loud acclamations from the audience; but he made a mistake in trying to dance to Wagner's music. That was over-zealous. Besides it interfered with the tenor's singing. Wagner offers many difficulties which the tenor can scarcely grapple with, but to sing him on horseback while your noble battle-horse is waltzing around the stage, would be an achievement to

be expected of no mortal tenor. *Adriano* comes to the rescue of *Rienzi* and the horse by warbling with most extraordinary fury:

"Well then, let destiny take its—co-horse!"

Whether the word "course" is meant to be a play on the noble steed or not, I can't positively say. I hope not. Everybody goes off singing a chorus, and once more the curtain falls in triumph. But in the fourth act the Church goes back on *Rienzi*, and, in language more forcible than elegant, it must be stated that *Rienzi* gets decidedly left.

Even *Adriano* grows beautifully indignant and stirs the populace against him. Church, State, and everything turns against *Rienzi* in Wagner's most approved style, and in notes so high that *Rienzi* can't possibly reach them. The Last of the Tribunes falls on the ground. *Irene*, his sister, falls with him, singing:

"Ri-enzi, Rienzi—oh, my brother!"

And *Adriano*, remarking casually, in the proudest of top-notes:

"Mad crea-hea-ature—perish with him!"

leaves them to their fate.

In the last act the populace has the dead-wood, as it were, on Wagner; Maretzek, Pappenheim and Adams. For the populace are supers at so many cents a head, and can afford to waste themselves in physical action, which the others, who are more expensive, cannot.

They set fire to the Capitol—at least it is supposed they do. All that was visible to the audience was a number of barrel-hoops in a blaze rushing across the stage. This probably was to suggest a conflagration behind the scenes. But the audience was not over-particular. It rested content in the satisfaction that *Rienzi* was relieved from further duty, whether they had visible evidence of it or not.

There is some consolation in knowing that the closing bars of the Wagnerian scene were sung to the playful words of:

"Death and perdition unto him!  
Obey the bidding of the Church."

Which practically settled the thing.

I have omitted to mention that in the second act there was a ballet, intended to give us an idea of Roman gladiatorial sports. You must look at these things in the right light to become thoroughly impressed. Pink tights, worn by ballet-girls who brandish tin shields and caper nimbly from wing to wing, with first one leg in the air and then the other, may be a correct realization of ancient Roman gladiators; but as for me, I prefer to have the traditions amid which I was reared, undestroyed. I want to think of a Roman gladiator in the old way; and if Wagner insists upon having Roman gladiators playing circus to ballet-music, he mustn't expect to have my sympathy—that's all.

Perhaps the tableau at the finish of the ballet act was meant to be the most impressive. It represented about twenty ballet-girls, covered by a mammoth dinner-plate upon which two highly-colored beauties were practicing for a new song and dance.

On reference to your libretto you will find that "the Roman warriors form with their shields a castle, from which a tower arises bearing two female figures—Minerva and the palladial Goddess of Rome." But, as I have said before, you *must* look at these things in the right light.

I am afraid "Rienzi," as performed by the Pappenheim-Adams company at the Academy of Music, out-Wagners even Wagner; and that's about as rough on Wagner, I should suppose, as anything could be.

But perhaps I don't look at these things in the right light.



## PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1878.  
SENATE.

### Relief of William J. Hammond.

SENATOR COCKRELL had no desire to see this bill voted on. It was a question whether Congress was a fiery untamed steed which was to ride roughshod over everybody.

SENATOR CONKLING thought this measure was of much more importance than the Silver bill, with regard to which he'd been so delightfully reticent. Although Dr. Hammond was a surgeons-soldier, his case couldn't be reviewed, because time and tide never waited for anybody. It must not be; if it were so, everybody, including Beecher, could have a new trial at pleasure. Dr. Hammond was almost as distinguished in his profession as a surgeon as was he (Senator Conkling) as a great Republican trimming politician. He didn't want any attention paid to Hammond's matter, and for that very reason let them pass the matter by politely, for Conkling had spoken.

### The Heathen Chinee Again.

SENATOR SARGENT had no objection to the *Sun* calling him Effigy Sargent, but that wouldn't prevent him from expressing his opinion freely on the Chinese generally and their companies in particular. He might say that he preferred their room to their companies. Negro slavery was a choice institution compared to the Chinese free labor in this gloriously free and independent country of ours. What did we want of trade with China? Instead of tea we could drink lager, coffee and whiskey. We could do without fans and washee-washee, and he might remark *en passant* that he was by no means satisfied with the manner in which some of his new shirts had been jaundried. Now he would call upon the Senate to note how virtuous were all the inhabitants of the State from which he had succeeded in becoming a Senator. They never did anything wrong. What inhabitant of California had ever been convicted of a crime? Had a Californian ever committed a murder? Look at the Chinese, on the other hand. They were daily guilty of the heinous offense of never getting drunk. They engaged in the demoralizing occupation of washing soiled linen. They drank tea to excess. They seldom wore stove-pipe hats or paper collars, they never played billiards or base-ball. Had a Chinese fraudulent president of a savings bank ever been found? Had a Chinaman ever run for Senator or President of the United States? For fear that he should be misunderstood, and he wished to say it boldly, that the Chinese were not people after his own heart. Several hundreds of thousands of millions would not be missed from their flowery land, while they would become exceedingly prominent in this country. The *London Times* knew all about it. It was of opinion that if the immigration continues, this great republic would become a nation of Mongolians, and the present inhabitants would have to take up their residence in Ireland or Herzegovina.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MR. SPRINGER would feel happy if the Committees on Expenditures in the several departments might enjoy a clerk or expert.

MR. BLACKBURN said he was a chairman of the committee who manipulated the expenditures in the war department, and he couldn't do it no more, nohow, without a clerk. What did they take him for?

MR. CONGER wouldn't allow anything of the kind, not if he knew it. As a Michigander and a Republican it was entirely opposed to his principles.

MR. HALE thought that some gentleman—he wouldn't mention names, but they might be Democrats—wanted some work.

MR. FOSTER considered that Ohio was not totally destitute of dead beats. Some of them, last year, had been prevailed upon to take money out of the contingent fund.

MR. MCMAHON had a good knowledge of Mr. Foster's acquaintances, and among them was one who, not to put too fine a point on it, had come into office through fraud.

MR. FOSTER knew several people in this world.

MR. MCMAHON: Precisely, and especially one prominent person in the White House, whose name it was not necessary to mention.

MR. SPRINGER carried his point by 133 yeas to 104 nays.

The House now resolved to vary the monotony of the proceedings by going into Committee of the Whole to consider whether eighty-five clerks could do certain work in the Treasury Department better than twenty.

MR. BLOUNT couldn't divest himself of the idea that three times as many clerks were employed as were necessary. He might be wrong in his conclusions, but on the other hand he might not. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing was a very nice place, as a means of inducing members who had friends in office to vote for large appropriations. The Government work was doubtless carefully looked after, but not so well as the protégés of certain members.

MR. FOSTER said that Democrats never did anything worth talking about, the most patriotic self-sacrificing individual in the world was John Sherman, who had reduced expenses some \$600,000.

MR. MILLS believed in economy. Capital was robbery, and poor people ought to be employed whether there was any work for them to do or not.

MR. ATKINS was opposed to making the Government an almshouse.

MR. HUMPHREY thought that it was the bounden duty of the Government to employ every man, woman and child in the universe.

MR. CALKINS approved of liberality so long as it did not touch his own pockets.

The eighty-five clerks were not voted for.

MR. COX claimed that a Democratic Congress had reduced expenditures by \$40,000,000.

MR. FOSTER remarked that that wasn't so.

MR. HALE said the uncle's grandmother's half cousin-in-law on the great-grandfather's side of the Chairman of the Committee on Printing had been appointed an expert in printing and paid as such. This gay and festive individual had never done anything to earn his salary.

MR. RANDALL would assert without fear of contradiction that the Democrats were the boys for real economy; not so with the Republicans.

After more talk the House adjourned.

## LACROSSE.

LAST week the game of Lacrosse was introduced to the New York public at Gilmore's Garden. Two tribes of Indians, the Onondagas and the Iroquois, were engaged for this purpose. The Onondagas' hunting-grounds were originally in Limerick, and the wigwags of the Iroquois are pitched in the Limburgodorous shades of Avenue A. No expense was spared in the make-up, and the dusky hordes toiled manfully at the game till a cheaper grade of brown would have run off with the perspiration.

Their object was the popularizing of Lacrosse. They will probably be successful. All that is necessary to endear such a game to the sportive youth of New York is that it should

entail some expense for grounds or implements, and that it should possess some element of danger to life and limb. Polo possessed these qualifications. Young Augustus Adolphus de Toots liked it because it enabled him to spend the money his father made in petroleum or shoddy, and because it gave him a chance to break his own head and his pony's legs.

And as Mr. Bergh did not appear to feel the cruelty to the pony, the public at large rather smiled upon the efforts of M. de Toots.

Lacrosse seems to be almost as dangerous as Polo, if not so expensive, and there is every reason to believe that it will soon become the swell thing in metropolitan society. It will assist the young men at Newport to endure the burden and heat of the day during the summer months, and it will offer a vent for the energies of those gentleman who have been so assiduously hunting the anise-seed bag in Long Island.

But not for long. When the manufacture of Lacrosse shiny sticks becomes general, and those graceful instruments are within the reach of all buyers, we may expect to learn that the game has become "hawwidly common, yer know."

And then we shall have an importation of Chinese school-boys to "popularize" mumble-the-peg.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

"A CELEBRATED CASE" will soon celebrate its fiftieth night.

"MONEY" is doing so well at Wallack's that Bulwer is almost making a posthumous reputation for himself.

"THE EXILES"—by Mr. G. F. Rowe, more or less—is attracting lovers of the vast and complicated to the Broadway Theatre.

THE Italian opera company, with the tuneful triumvirate, Kellogg, Roze and Cary, will take possession of Booth's Theatre next Monday night. "Aida" will be the opening opera.

"OUR BACHELORS" are wedded to mirth every night at the Park Theatre. The laughs that Stuart Robson doesn't get, come in as Crane's share, and *vice-versa*, so that between the two there's not much to feel sad about.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS, as *Joshua Butterby* and *Solon Shingle*, is this week at the Standard. Mr. Henderson has evidently recognized the fact that the city needs a first-class theatre, and Mr. Owens will be followed next week by Maggie Mitchell.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE is playing a prosperous engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. His *Wellington de Boots* and his *Toodles* are bits of humor that will not soon be forgotten—neither will the extreme weakness of the company now supporting him. The amount of glittering incapability Stephen Fiske can succeed in getting together excels all previous efforts of managerial enterprise.

ONE of the pleasing features of the play of "Gold-Mad," at the Lyceum Theatre, was the girlish acting of Miss Grace Hall, of the Boston Theatre Company. Miss Hall is very young, is a careful student, and has undoubtedly a future before her. She will support Mary Carey in "Poor Jo," with the Boston Theatre Company, at the expiration of her engagement at the Lyceum.

## Answers for the Anxious.

A. B.—See D.

D.—Dig out.

HASELTINE.—She wouldn't have it.

G. G. LAMB.—Drink, pretty creature, drink! Drink corrosive sublimate. We don't believe the angels will take the responsibility of firing you out.

SHAW.—You ought to let out a contract to some responsible man to erect a derrick on you and put it in operation. You will never come off of your own accord. You will have to be hoisted.





1) Getting ready for the parade.



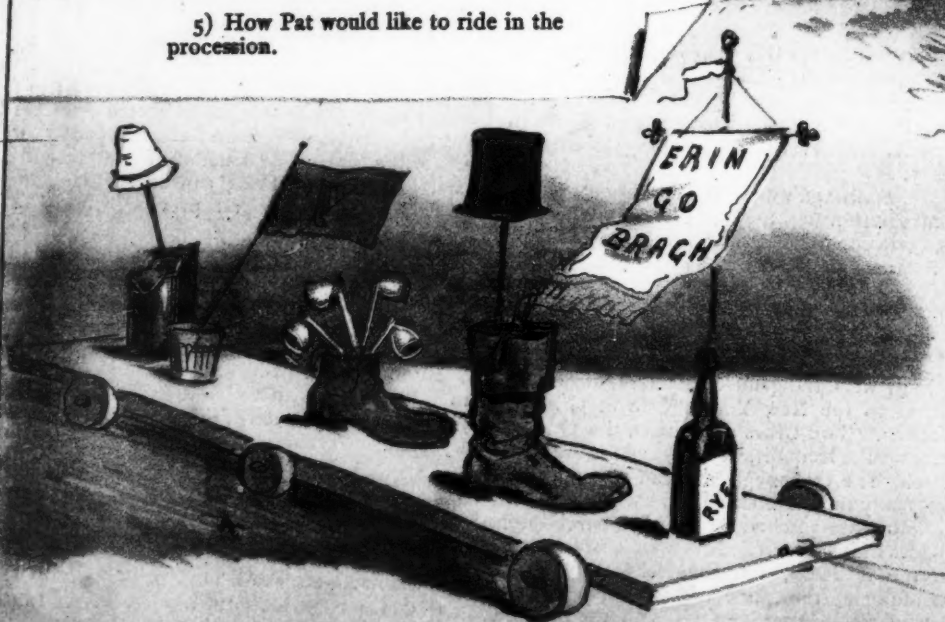
2) The head of the procession.



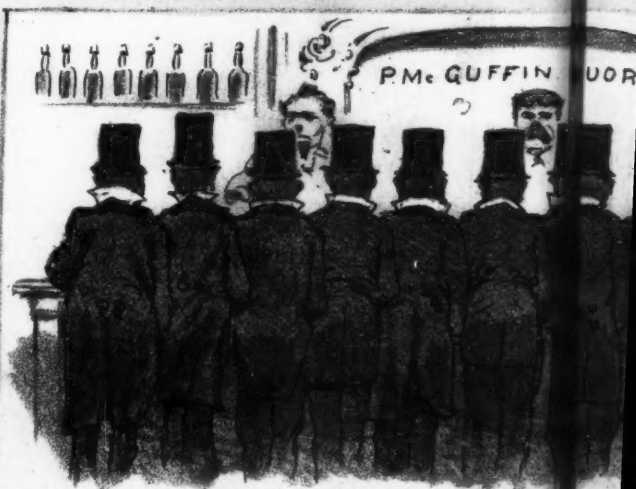
5) How Pat would like to ride in the procession.



6) Behind time.



8) Suggestion for a Triumphal Chariot—showing the prominent objects of the annual parades.

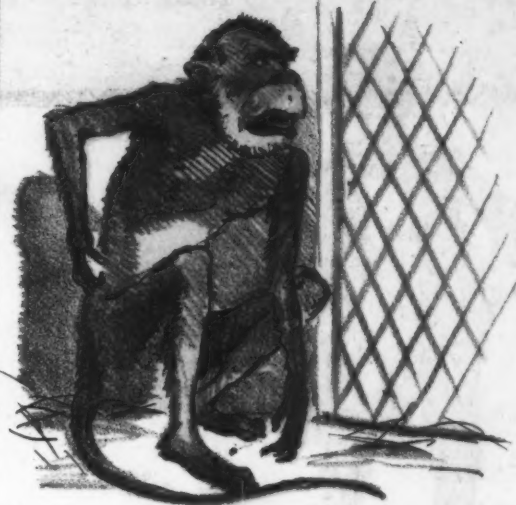


9) Mr. McGuffin wishes St. P. Day





3) The foot of the procession.



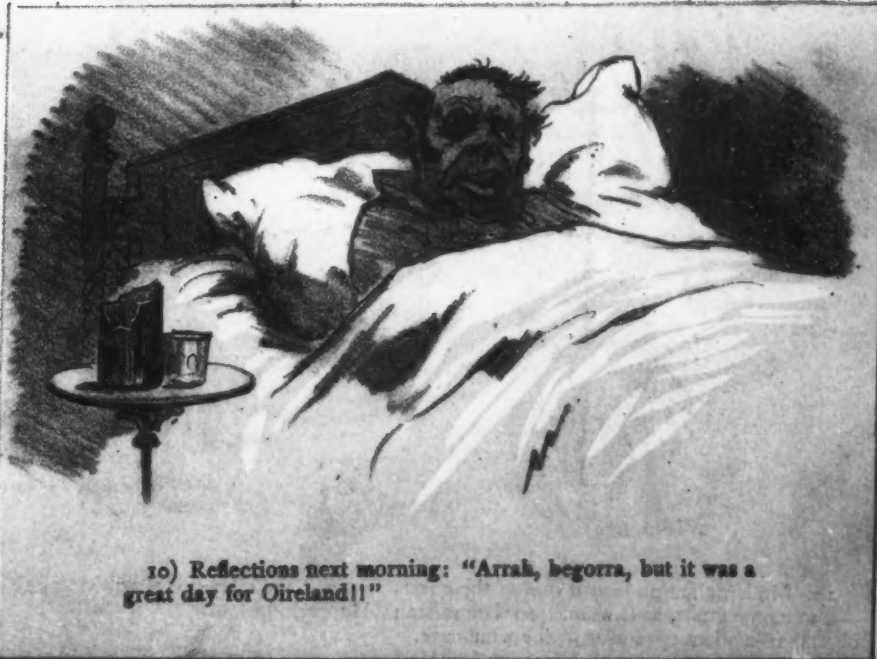
4) Type of the old Milesian race—prevented by Park Commissioners from joining the procession.



7) The Spirit of Erin!



St. Paddy's Day came every day in the year!



10) Reflections next morning: "Arrah, begorra, but it was a great day for Oireland!!"



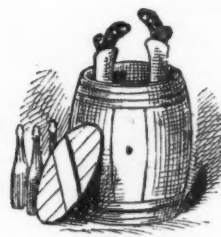
# TRUTH AT THE BOTTOM OF A BARREL.



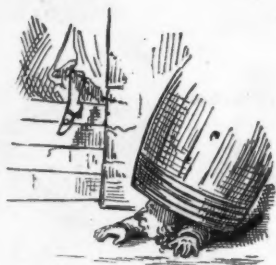
1. A philoxera has penetrated the brain of M. Diogène Durandeu, the proprietor of the vineyard Durandeu, which causes strange visions whenever he indulges himself, retired in the solitude of his wine-cellar.



2. One day, being more retired than usual, his distinguished namesake appears to him in a vision, and advises him to seek for truth at the bottom of his barrel.



3. He goes to seek it. Having got there he stays, and the spirits of wine keep him fresh while his family mourn him as one dead.



4. After a month of retirement he awakens. He hears a step approaching, and resolves to lie still and await developments.



5. His wife appears. She is in widow's weeds. She is seeking a drop of consolation. She is in fact seeking several drops.



6. After her departure he meditates upon the situation, and tries to determine whether he should deplore the depravity of his wife or congratulate himself upon the amount of conjugal devotion manifested by her thirst. He is interrupted by the arrival of servants, who make free with the casks.



7. Which it appears they are in the habit of selling to his neighbor Pimparnel at a ruinous price.



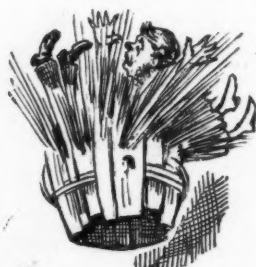
8. In a short time he finds himself deposited in Pimparnel's court-yard, where even his own dog refuses to recognize him.



9. That very evening being the occasion of a vintage festival, Pimparnel gives a blow-out.



10. Madame Durandeu is one of the guests—a welcome guest, as it were. So Durandeu observes—a silent spectator in the wine-cask.



11. He observes somewhat more ——— He explodes!



12. The original Diogenes, when he heard of this, remarked—"Bottom facts, even in a wine-barrel, are not always desirable."



## PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

## III.

## A TEACHER TAUGHT.

COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Adapted from the French of M. PAUL FERRIER, by H. C. BUNNER

[CONCLUDED.]

THE PROFESSOR. (*Alone.*)

Kate! I—confound it—I am dreaming—No!  
Yes! What's the lucky devil's name—don't go!  
His name!

By Jove, I must have fallen asleep,  
And dreamed. It strikes me I have dreamed a  
heap.

No, I'm awake. My wits have ta'en an airing.  
Asleep, or crazy? Neither! I am staring  
Stark wide-awake. Fates adverse and propi-  
tious!

What hear I? Things impossibly delicious.  
Yet real—unpermissible and real.  
That is important. I am her ideal.  
Is it any other fellow if not me?  
No! can't mistake it—anyone could see  
She loves me. I am sure of it—I know it.  
That's what she meant. Didn't her features  
show it?

And I? My heart I thought dead all the while  
Is beating in a rather lively style.  
My blood's on fire! I feel just like a—star.  
Kate! I'm in love, dear—more so than you are.  
But no. The devil! This will never do.  
I'm but a father to her. 'Tisn't true—  
Poor little thing, so innocent and good  
For love she takes a child's fond gratitude.  
'Tis madness—sweet to me, but madness still.  
And I must cure it, cost me what it will.

[Enter KATE, with the luncheon.]

KATE.

The luncheon, sir.

THE PROFESSOR (*hushily*).

My daughter!

KATE (*aside*).

Daughter! Gracious!

His way of guessing things is—is vexatious.

THE PROFESSOR.

Come here, my child.

KATE.

I come.

THE PROFESSOR.

I've understood—

KATE (*aside*).

Upon my word, I rather thought he would.

THE PROFESSOR.

I know your hero.

KATE (*aside*).

This is perspicacity

Indeed!

THE PROFESSOR.

Although it took some slight audacity  
'To recognize the flattering portrait. Yet,  
My Kate, think calmly if your heart is set  
Upon a love that may be, at the most,  
A warmer gratitude: I can but boast  
Poor paltry claims, that your too kindly eyes  
Exaggerate, to this too generous prize.  
You are young, and louder than cool reason's  
voice

Impulse may speak, and guide a childish choice.  
When the young heart is filled with love's soft  
light

All things it looks on catch the radiance bright.  
You scarcely realize, I'm sore afraid,  
The shade you take for love—and such a shade!  
But he you think you love knows all too well  
Your error: knows his duty is to tell  
What sacrifice, unconscious though it be,  
This dream entails. A cruel guardian he  
Who thus would sacrifice his child. O Kate!  
Your debt of gratitude, with usurer's rate

Of interest, you paid me long ago.  
If debt there be, 'tis what to you I owe.  
Pride of my home, joy of my heart—Oh, say—  
Is it a debt that I shall ever pay?

KATE.

Then, my professor, none may give you love  
Whose eloquence a heart of stone would move,  
Whose burning words would render, I believe,  
A Romeo jealous; you can not conceive  
A woman's heart must yield itself to one  
Who sings of love as—well, as you have done?

THE PROFESSOR.

But, Kate!

KATE.

You're better pleased the account to cast  
So that the balance to my side is passed.  
To search arithmetic and logic through  
To prove by  $a$  plus  $b$  I don't love you.

THE PROFESSOR.

I cry you mercy!

KATE.

To your will I bow.

You were my guardian ever, and are now.  
You're wisdom's self; my sixteen years are  
wrong:  
Guide then my bark, since your own hand's  
so strong.

Before your great experience I incline.

To prove how I mistrust this will of mine—

Write to de Brown, then, that at your com-  
mand

I accept his—love—his fortune and his hand.

THE PROFESSOR.

Do you accept?

KATE.

His hand, his fortune—

THE PROFESSOR.

You're

Not jesting? *He* your husband! Are you sure?

KATE.

Why not? He's young, destined to cut a dash,  
Handsome—and such a dear little moustache!

THE PROFESSOR.

You are laughing.

KATE.

No. He is a good *parti*;

A well-assorted couple we shall be.

He's of good family, and it's only fair

To mention also he's a millionaire.

THE PROFESSOR.

I know you better than to think you speak

Your mind in this. Your judgment's not so  
weak

As that, my Kate. Your heart is not so cold;

You're not a girl to love a sack of gold.

Say what you may, I don't believe you care

For Brown, were he ten times a millionaire.

You can not like him, and, to tell the truth,

I don't, myself, greatly admire the youth.

A boy, as boys go, good enough, agreed—

But not the one to marry *you*.

KATE.

Indeed?

THE PROFESSOR.

A shallow dandy—a mere mutton-head;  
Who puts on mighty airs; snobbish, half-bred,  
Ignorant, careless, loose, unscientific;  
Of good works barren and of debts prolific.  
Laziest of men, unwilling or unable  
To read a book: at home in club or stable;  
But nowhere else—a man who will, of course,  
Divide his love between you and—his horse.

KATE (*aside*).

I thought so.

THE PROFESSOR.

He's unworthy such a treasure.

Look elsewhere for a husband.

KATE.

At your pleasure.

Just as you say. But I supposed you knew  
I was but doing as you told me to.

THE PROFESSOR.

Well—but—I thought—

KATE.

You see, one may mistake

At any age. But what choice shall I make?

Young Buckingham de Brown is, we will say,

A type of all the young men of the day.

If this be so; and if we won't have him,

The chances of the rest grow rather slim.

In very truth, as far as I can see,

I'll never get a husband—

THE PROFESSOR.

Kate, take me!

KATE.

You?

THE PROFESSOR.

Yes, my love, you wanted to, just now.

KATE.

Oh, but since then, you know, you've shown  
me how

I erred in such a choice. And to the letter

I'll follow your advice.

THE PROFESSOR.

For want of better!

KATE.

Well, it might do, if you were not so old.

THE PROFESSOR.

So old?

KATE.

Yes, thirty-five.

THE PROFESSOR.

I never told

Anyone that! My birthday is next week.

I'm thirty-four at present.

KATE.

So to speak

That's middle-aged.

THE PROFESSOR.

I haven't one gray hair—

In my whole head.

KATE.

Well, they'll soon be there.

THE PROFESSOR.

No; I'll be bald first.

KATE.

But you never go

Into society.

THE PROFESSOR.

But I will, you know.

KATE.

Your dress adds to your years full eight or nine.

THE PROFESSOR.

Buckingham de Brown's own tailor shall be mine.

KATE.

Algebra 'll be my rival, I foresee.

THE PROFESSOR.

Only to prove my love by  $a$  plus  $b$ .

KATE.

You'll not be ready when the lunch bell rings.

THE PROFESSOR.

'Twill be your task to teach me all those things.

KATE.

But then, my guardian, is it your advice

That I should make this awful sacrifice?

THE PROFESSOR.

You saucy jade!

KATE.

And only as a daughter

Can a girl love the patriarch who's taught her

To say "papa!"

THE PROFESSOR.

No—that I did not—never!

O Kate!—you're laughing. O you saucy, clever

Malicious—angel! Yes, you love me—Jove!

Mars! Gods eleven, I have won her love!

Her love! Yes, I was idiotic, blind,

Not to have guessed it. Kitty, never mind!

We'll make up for lost time now—wait and see—

I love you, dear, as much as you love me.

[CURTAIN.]



## LOVEL.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

BY MRS. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER VI.

SPRING was fast melting into summer. The school-children, going home across the Aston fields, had their hands always full of hyacinths, and the thrushes were making the woods noisy with their song, as George Forrester trotted back one afternoon from a meeting at the county town. At the lodge-gate he drew rein, and thought a minute.

"I promised uncle Philip I'd let him know how the election went. I'd best go up now, I suppose. Ah, if any one had told me two years ago that I should ever fight shy of the place, I shouldn't have believed it." He turned into the drive and rode on, chewing the cud of his regretful thoughts. "It's true enough, as somebody says, that one may do in a moment what one can't undo in a lifetime. I'd give a thousand pounds down any day never to have had a hand in that business of Lovel's. What possessed me, I wonder, to humor him in his freak? To be sure, we neither of us thought then that it would be more than a freak. I don't believe he himself had the ghost of a notion that he would be touched, or she either. But that doesn't whitewash us. Anyway it was execrable taste, and something worse in me. Ah, there they are!" and he guided his horse across the turf towards a group, consisting of Gertrude, her father, and the bailiff.

"Just in time to give your opinion, George," called out the squire. "Gertrude and Hart want me to condemn the old elm. What say you?"

"I think it ought to come down."

"I'm sure it ought," put in Gertrude. "The last storm docked it of its only respectable branch, and it's a mere scarecrow now, shutting out our one peep of Elseley spire."

"It goes to my heart to touch it," sighed Mr. Marriott. "I used to climb it when I was no higher than this walking-stick. Well, it's had a long life and seen its best days. You may have at it with the hatchet, Hart."

"We've settled the workhouse question," said George, as they all turned together towards the house, he with his arm through his horse's bridle; "we've elected Gough. I think he'll do, though he made rather a hash of his thanks."

"Oh, yes, he'll do. He's an honest man with a good head on his shoulders; and that's worth more than a good tongue for speech-making."

"He should take a lesson from Mr. Medwin," said Gertrude. "You remember his celebrated oration. Oh, no, by the bye, it came off while you were abroad. It was a very remarkable harangue indeed, and he wound it up by announcing that he would adhere to the hereditary policy of his *descendants*."

George laughed.

"Poor Medwin! he won't hear the last of that, I should think. I see my aunt's out there on the terrace. I'll fasten the Cossack to this post for a few minutes while I go and speak to her."

"Take him round to the stable," said Mr. Marriott, "and stay for dinner. You may just as well."

"No, thanks; I must be getting home soon. I'm off to London by the first train to-morrow, and haven't put any of my goods together."

Mrs. Marriott greeted him pleasantly, but George was conscious now and always that

there was a barrier between them, and that neither she nor the squire had ever wholly absolved him. It was only Gertrude herself who completely ignored his offense. His first faltering attempt at an apology had indeed been as it were driven back down his throat; but since then her demeanor to him had been as frankly gracious as of old, and, for any sign she gave, those long-past autumn weeks, nay Lovel's very existence, might have been blotted from her memory. She had never drooped nor fretted. She had thrown herself into her daily business and amusements with all or more than all her former energy. Only her face faintly told a tale to those who cared to study it. It was not sad; it was no thinner or paler than it used to be, but both eyes and lips spoke a proud unconcern unlike the winning brightness of her girlhood. Chance friends looking at her now were apt to remark that Gertrude Marriott had grown handsomer, but that she had lost some of her charm. George indorsed that criticism as she sat on the broad coping of the low balustrade describing to him the progress of a long-standing courtship between the pompous butler and middle-aged housekeeper.

"It's a strange infatuation, isn't it? To the world at large, Rich is simply suggestive of old port and highly-polished plate; and yet in Harrison's eyes he is an Adonis, an admirable Crichton. When will womanhood grow wiser and see men as they are?"

Mrs. Marriott looked at her wistfully. The cynicism which often colored Gertrude's light speeches jarred on her painfully.

"Where ignorance is bliss," quoted George.

"That's a false maxim and a very mischievous one. I found little Bob Hall writing it in his copy-book the other day, and it so impressed him that he learnt none of his lessons afterwards."

"The Cossack is getting fidgety. I must be off," said George.

"Wait a minute; and I'll get him a biscuit as a peace-offering." Then, as they walked together down the terrace, she said, "And so you are going in for a round of dissipation?"

"I'm sure I hope not. I've always been under Janet's orders since our nursery days, but even the worm will turn."

"What's this Hewitt is bringing us? It looks like a telegram, but we hardly ever see them up here. It must be for you."

So it proved. It had been sent on from the Grange on the chance that Mr. Forrester might be at the Bury. George opened it, Gertrude standing silently by. Even in these days, when the orange envelopes are everyday sights, there is always a certain excitement about a telegram.

"All right; no answer," George said, briefly dismissing the footman with a nod.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" asked Gertrude, as he stuffed the paper into his pocket.

"No, nothing wrong; thanks." Then, moved by an impulse as sudden as it was irresistible, he added, "It is from Lovel; he has got an appointment in Bermuda; he sails on Friday."

"Really!"

The ringing tone told of no more interest or emotion than if he had told her that he was sending out a box of cigarettes. But George, having once made the plunge, was minded to dash on.

"He has been very restless for a long while; wanting to get away somewhere—anywhere. See, that's what he says."

He smoothed out the crumpled paper, and held it towards her. She glanced at it, but did not take it.

"Succeeded at last. Start for Bermuda on Friday. L., scared at the climate, has made way for me. Look me up if you can to-morrow." So ran the message.

"I suppose it is a bad climate for Europeans," Gertrude observed tranquilly.

"Yes, very. No man who greatly values his life would care to go there, I fancy."

They had reached the flight of steps, and the trellised gate that led down into the park. Here George stopped short.

"Gertrude," he said, and there was a quiver in his voice, "I can't help it; I must tell you how heartily I love him repented."

Her dark bright eyes met his steadily.

"I am glad he has repented, for his own sake. And, George, I too have something on my mind to say to you—something that concerns only you and me. Long ago, when we were bits of children, we used to be taught to forgive and forget. I have done the first; I want you to do the last. Now good-bye."

She had given him her hand, and left him before he had framed any reply. But he rode home with a full heart, pondering deeply.

## CHAPTER VII.

"PUSH on, Gertrude; it will be upon us in no time," and even as Mr. Marriott spoke the black cloud overhead sent forth a warning rumble. The storm was coming up fast indeed. So too thought George Forrester as he crossed his own darkened hall. All at once a vivid flash of lightning illumined the gloom, followed by a thunderclap which seemed to shake the old house to its foundation. Mingling with the dying peal and the sharp hissing of hail against the western windows, his ear caught the rapid tramp of horses' hoofs, and the next instant Gertrude and her father wheeled into the drive.

"Off with you!" Mr. Marriott exclaimed, and his daughter was on the ground almost as soon as he. George threw open the front door, and his groom ran round to take the horses.

"Ha, George, we've come to you for shelter, you see," said the squire, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland. "By Jove, *how* it is coming down!" And in truth the rain was now descending as one solid sheet.

"You are wet already. You will like to take off your habit," George said to Gertrude as he followed her in.

"No need for that, thanks, if I may just dry it by the kitchen-fire. We only came in for a few big drops. We've been racing the clouds."

He took her at once to the back regions. If she had looked in his face she might have seen that it was not so placid as usual. When she presently found her way to the drawing-room Mr. Marriott was there alone, watching the still fast-falling drops.

"Terrible weather for the crops," he observed ruefully to George, who entered just after her. "It couldn't have come down at a worse time. That reminds me—if you can lay your hands on a big umbrella, I'll step down to Farmer Gilbert's."

"Now!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Why this sudden fancy for an aquatic excursion?"

"Pooh! the rain won't hurt me. I saw the farmer at his door just now, and I've a word to say to him about those fields on Halse Hill."

And so, being equipped, he sallied forth.

"We hardly expected to find you at home," Gertrude explained, as she and George stood together in the bay window, watching the squire splashing down the rain-washed lane. "We thought you were yachting in the Solent, and meant to take forcible possession."

"I only came home last night," George said, nervously swinging the blind-tassel to and fro.

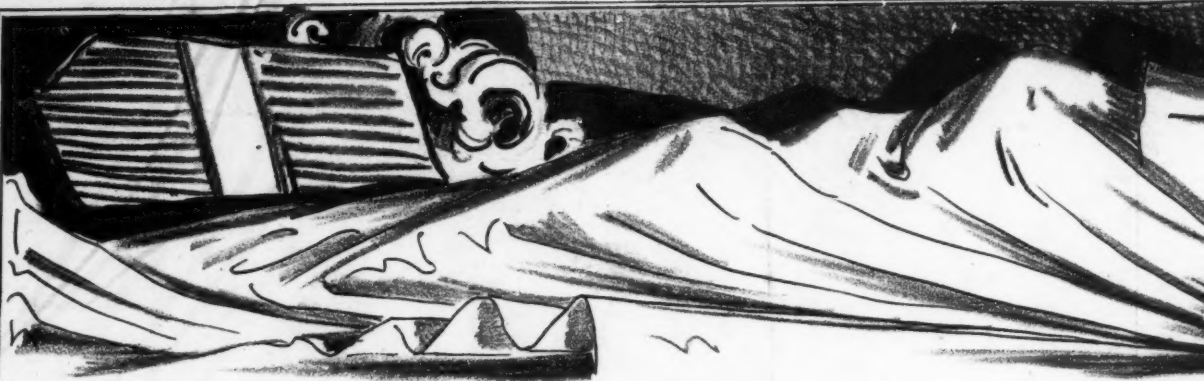
"I enjoyed that gallop. There's a keen satisfaction in fighting the elements. I suppose it comes of our British pugnacity."

"I suppose so," assented he absently.

Then there was a silence, which Gertrude again broke.





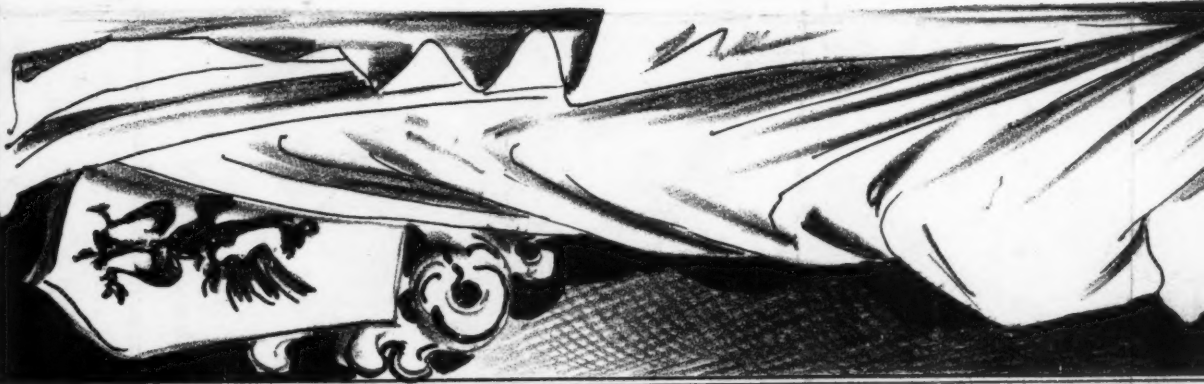


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WHO DECIDES THE EUROPEAN QUESTIONS?

TO WHICH POWER MUST ALL THINGS YIELD?



ROGER HENDEL, UTTAMAR LITH. 24 COLUMB. ST. N.Y.

To find the solution to the first question fold the page lengthwise so that 1 meets 1, and across the width so that 2 meets 2.  
The second question can be solved by folding the page so as to bring c to e, and d to b.



SUPPLEMENT.—“PUCK.”

21

17.



2-

2-

2-

2-

2-

2-





"See, the storm has spent itself; the sun is coming out, and there is a rainbow—a splendid one, too."

They both stood looking at the many-colored arch spanning the wood and hill, and at the sunlight glittering on the dripping laurustinus leaves, until Gertrude said:

"Do you know, I think I will go out too. It is ages since I have been round this garden, and my father is sure not to be back just yet."

She opened the French window and stepped out on to the gravel-path, George following her.

"Don't come with me unless you like," she said, looking back at him. "I ought to be able to find my way about here blindfold."

"I should like to come with you."

So they sauntered together through the carelessly-kept quaint old garden, past the west wall, where, as Gertrude remarked, the best peaches in the county always grew, and along a shrubbery walk that skirted the paddock. Further on the path grew wilder, and led through a little copse, where the wet brambles almost brushed her habit. She would have turned back, but George showed her that it was more open on ahead, and presently they came to a pool, where, in olden times, when he was a lad of fourteen and she a little maid of ten, he had taught her to play at ducks and drakes and fish for minnows. The trees had grown since then, and now they overhung the water and mingled with the white and yellow lilies floating on its surface.

"How lovely it is!" Gertrude exclaimed, halting by a rough wooden seat, and pointing to the sunlight streaming through the leafy boughs overhead. "I wish I could sketch it. I suppose you haven't a pencil and a bit of paper in your pocket, George?"

"No, but I can fetch them in a minute."

"Oh, it isn't worth while."

He chose to go, however. Left alone, Gertrude stood resting her elbows on a broken bit of railing, and watching dreamily the proceedings of the waterfowl in the rushes below her, and the glancing lights on the pool.

"Am I getting better?" she was saying to herself. "I must be, or I could never have talked so comfortably with George in that very room where I first talked to him. Yes, I am better. I don't feel now as if I loathed the sunshine, as if everything in life had turned to gall and wormwood. My cure has set in. I suppose such things always do wear out sooner or later, even though they leave a scar. I suppose I may live to be as happy as mother, after all."

George's approaching tread broke in upon the current of her thoughts, but she did not turn round. There was a battle-royal going on just then among the weeds, and she waited to see the end of it. In the midst of a great flapping of wings and splashing of water, a voice behind her said:

"Gertrude, won't you even look at me?"

It was not George's voice that had asked the question; those were not George's eyes that met hers as she faced round. Eric Lovel was standing in the path not two yards from her.

He did not come any nearer. He did not offer to shake hands. He seemed to be waiting with an absorbing anxiety to see how she would greet him. What did he see? The glad surprise for which he was hungrily watching, or, alas, only the quick haughty movement with which she half turned away?

"I did not know. George should have told me," she said coldly, indignantly.

"I implored him not to tell you. He had not expected me. I only came an hour ago. I only landed yesterday. Gertrude, I have no right to thrust myself upon you, Heaven knows! But it seemed to me that I *must* come if only to get your pardon. Have I not been punished nearly enough? Can't you at least say to me,

'I forgive you'? Can't you bring yourself to say as much as that?"

He spoke with passionate earnestness, but she listened as one altogether unmoved, and though her words were gentle, her tone chilled him like ice.

"You may set your mind at rest; I forgave you long ago, and perhaps you had something to forgive me. I said some bitter things to you when we were last together—things that I had hardly a right to say."

"You had, indeed you had," he asseverated.

"Your words, harsh as I thought them then, first showed me how utterly unworthy I was of you and of the love you had given me. But O, Gertrude, can't you give it me again? I cannot, cannot get on without it. I have tried, but it won't do. I am sick with my longing. It drove me abroad, it has brought me home again. I don't know how to go on living without you."

There was a depth of emotion in his face, in his shaken voice, that struck her with a kind of terror. It was so unlike anything she had seen in him even on that day, now nearly four years ago, when he had told his love. Then she had known that in her secret soul that the deeper feeling lay on her side. Now she recognized that in her darkest hours she had never suffered like this. Yet she did not relent.

"My words were harsh," she said calmly, and I need not have uttered them. But they were true then—they are true now. I could never forget; I could never esteem you as I thought to do."

"But your love," he still pleaded. "If you would but give me back your love, I would try and do without the esteem."

She smiled sadly.

"I could not do without it if you could. That recollection would always come between us. How could I trust you, or believe in you? And love without trust would be to me a quite unbearable torture. It would kill me, unless I first killed it."

There was a moment's silence, then Lovel said, low and almost solemnly:

"I can't expect you to believe any promises or protestations of mine. I have shaken your faith in me too utterly for that. And yet I know that if you would but let me try—if you would but give me a chance—I could win back your trust and make you happy. Gertrude, if you would have me, I think you would never have reason to despise me again."

The humility, so foreign to his careless confident nature, could hardly fail to move her; and it did move her. Tears were shining in the eyes which a few minutes before had looked defiantly into his. But she only said:

"Eric, do not urge me, for indeed it is of no use."

"Would you tell a drowning man that it was no use to struggle for his life? Could he help it? Can I help it? Gertrude, you may send me away, as you did once before; I will go, I must go; but while I stay I can only cry out for the great gift I crave; and if I go—well, God help me if I go without it!"

Her lips trembled. She tried to speak, but the words would not come. Where was now all her bitter resentment—her fierce determination to trample out every spark of tenderness for this man—her belief awhile ago that she had almost done it: where were they all?

He took her hand, and she yielded it unresistingly. He drew her near him. The birds twittered in the trees overhead; the ducks plumed their feathers, and diving made widening circles in the pool, while Lovel whispered fervently:

"Try me, only try me! I have gone through deep waters since we parted. Indeed I am not altogether as I was then."

So it came to pass that when they left the

wood they were troth-plight once again. And Lovel's prophecy came true, for Gertrude Marriott never rued the day when she had broken the vow made in her wrath, and trusted her happiness a second time to his keeping.

[END.]



### Puck's Exchanges.

IT is high time that we should be deulsterized.—*St. Louis Journal*.

WOULDN'T Oleomargarine be a nice name for the baby?—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

WE think that this whole country is a put-up job on Mr. Hayes.—*New York Herald*.

GEORGE J. SELTZER wants to go to Congress, and his chances are aperiently good.—*Lowell Courier*.

A HYPOCRITE is a man who tries to be pious and can't, with a preponderance of cant.—*Stray Squib*.

THE sportsman of the *Hawkeye* says that in full dress Carl Schurz looks like the ramrod of a pop-gun, painted black.

THE Sweet Singer of Michigan finds that auburn-haired baby more difficult to compose than poetry.—*Courier-Journal*.

DAN VOORHEES thinks ice-water is too dear at a penny a glass. He won't think so always—but we anticipate.—*Stanford Advocate*.

JOAQUIN MILLER is writing a play with a cannibal for the hero. It is to be hoped that he will fully enter into his subject.—*Lowell Courier*.

A CINCINNATI landlord is holding a woman's baby as security for four dollars board. Seems to us we'd rather lose the four dollars.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THERE was a concert by home talent on Washington Street, Wednesday afternoon. A baby put its finger in the crack of a door.—*Rome Sentinel*.

ECCENTRIC persons who propose to make their wills are advised by the *New York World* to leave the money direct to the Bar Association to save trouble.

THE Burlington *Hawkeye*, having heard that Miss Von Hillern hates awfully to have women kiss her, remarks: "Say, Bertha, don't you want to appoint a receiver?"

THE CHAIRMAN—"The chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Carter." Mr. Carter—"The chair had better not unless he takes his coat off."—*Titusville Convention*.

THE English language is inadequate to express the forlorn feelings of the boy who thinks he has stolen a dime-novel and finds it to be a cook-book.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

OUT in California, the land of the glorious climate, the first six months of the year they pray for rain, the remaining six months they run away from floods.—*Statistical Paraphraser*.

THERE appears to be great danger that Canada will, if not placed under violent and forcible restraint, upset the peace negotiations in Europe by going over and whipping the Russians out of Turkey. Several anonymous letters in the provincial papers, breathing a most bloodthirsty and warlike spirit, tend to confirm these fears.—*Hawkeye*.



IN reply to several threatening messages sent in to this office, we desire to explain that the man who takes thrashings for articles in this paper is out of town on a furlough.—*Rome Sentinel*.

"WHEN a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse."—*Paragrapher who has been there*.

DEAL gently with the erring; play light with the "open winter" prophet. Just hold him against the business side of a buzz-saw and make no further fuss about it.—*Catskill Recorder*.

THE editor of the Detroit *Free Press* solemnly swore on Thursday that on the 22d of February, 1878, he saw a blue-bird. Why swear to a little thing like that? Is not his word good for a mere blue-bird?—*Buffalo Express*.

THE lost wax tooth referred to in last week's *Sentinel* has been found, brought to this office, restored to its owner, and identified, and thus another house of mourning is flooded with joy. There is nothing like advertising.—*Rome Sentinel*.

THE tallest man in the country is John Farwell, of Houston, Texas, who measures seven feet, six inches, in his bare feet. He must be the identical "Farwell, a long Farwell" mentioned by our old friend Shake.—*St. Louis Journal*.

A POLICEMAN of Washington says that he has not seen a drunken man on the streets of that city for more than a year.—*Herald P. I. Man*. Why do the Washington authorities employ a blind man on the police force?—*Norristown Herald*.

A CAT in the organ-loft interrupted a sermon by Rev. Dr. Bevan in a Brooklyn church recently. And the difference between her and Dr. Bevan was that while it was fur to the end of her tail, it brought the end of his tale much nearer.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

A POETESS weighing 160 pounds yearns "to twitter as a bird on some lone spray." When she gets on a spray and begins to twitter, there is going to be an item for the local paper, unless the spray is as thick as an underground gas-pipe.—*Norristown Herald*.

LOCAL conundrum proposed by an Essex county minister to his children in vacation, and when he was not well: "If there had been no cats in the world, and if people had called bumble-bees cats, would there have been any cats?"—*Paragrapher who's got 'em bad*.

A MONTREAL merchant advertises for a man to feed and take care of twenty black bears. If he will add to his cage of pets an assortment of wild cats, a few Royal Bengal tigers, a pair of hyenas and a half-starved catamount, we would be pleased to secure the place for Private Dalzell.—*Derrick*.

THEY have begun to post circus-bills on the grave-stones out in the wilds of the West. Should the custom become general, and reach out its arms to embrace the civilized world, it will find men, if death has not changed their disposition, mean enough to get up and demand a complimentary ticket for the privilege.—*Fulton Times*.

MR. EZEKIEL RECORD, Buckfield, Me., celebrated his ninety-second birthday recently, and boasts that he has not failed in a single instance to vote the straight Democratic ticket. There's a healthy old Record for you; but there is no doubt in our mind that if he had voted the Republican ticket in his declining years he would be twice as healthy now.—*Norristown Herald*.

WHILE playing at Lewistown, Maine, Geo. Rignold ordered the curtain down in the middle of a scene, and offered five dollars' reward for the capture of a gallery gamin with a shrill whistle. The boy could not be identified, and the play proceeded. Mr. Rignold paid too much for that boy's whistle.—*Unknown Paragrapher*.

A WASHINGTON correspondent expresses the opinion that Private Secretary Rogers is an abler man than President Hayes. But, as Rogers is intimately acquainted with the President, there is no danger that he will be puffed up with pride on reading the comparison.—*Worcester Press*.

PERSONS having important business to transact at the New Orleans collector's office are compelled to wait until the acting collector is brought down from jail. If they are in a hurry, they can, perhaps, secure permission to present their papers to him through the hole in the wall where his mush-and-molasses are served.—*Worcester Press*.

MR. G. WASH. CHILDS sends to the *Free Press* the following touching lines on Nip, the New Yorker who died recently:

Dear friends who now are passing by,  
Below there is a champanzii.  
As I am now so you must be—  
I am a defunct champanzee.

ACCORDING to the *World*, "to bounce" is to raise the arm of indignation and the foot of indignity against any person, and therewith violently to expel him from a place wherein he would have remained into a place where he did not want to be. The bounce is, primarily, an act of physical overetfulness accompanied by a root idea that the person bounced will come up with a thump and a hollow sound which may indicate the complete termination of the bounce and the substrativity of its object.

ACCORDING to the best scientific authority, the small boy becomes a boy at the age of 16. At that age he ought to put away small-boyish things, and to put on the bashful awkwardness of semi-intelligent boyhood. At all events, he ought to know that his presence is not desired by young men who come to see his sister. We do not expect this amount of intelligence in the small boy, and it is often necessary to bribe him with candy or to persuade him with clubs before he will consent to treat his sister with common humanity; but the 16-year-old boy usually perceives when an area of courting, accompanied with gradually increasing pressure in the region of the waist and marked depression of the parlor gas, is about to set in, and thereupon discreetly, even if sneeringly, withdraws.—*N. Y. Times*.



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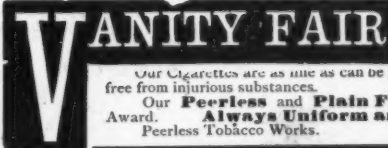


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